

## Speedball

Do waves reunite to find the shore?  
Or is it hills that are climbed?  
In the night cars pass from sight  
On the road. The "car crash"  
Is suddenly what you and I try to do,  
Permitting the future to believe  
In "the reproduction." What little  
I have left I cannot do without.  
I bear the burden of responsibilities  
& understand drugs deaden the senses  
& nerves. Now I neither move nor rise  
& am seldom seen. I have regained  
The simplicity of winter again.  
& am fulfilled as clouds fulfill the sky.

-- Gerard Malanga

king david: for the sun  
what positions are  
                    appropriate  
                            care what  
            when it comes to love  
                            you learn to do,  
slow,  
what's done by the hand done  
                    by the body  
                            in dark.  
she lay beside him,  
she had orders to  
                    appropriate  
                            care, &  
he could not  
                    go into her  
but loved her loved  
            what kept his body  
                            warm.

-- ronald caplan

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